

creasing and more detailed amount of attention by entomologists and I believe that it is only a question of time until there is built up about them, a great body of information comparable to what we now have about some agricultural pests.

In view of the fact that over 50 per cent of the country's population is now urban, Doctor Hartnack's book should serve not only as a valuable source of information, but as a stimulating foundation for more intensive studies of house pests and the conditions favoring their multiplication.—Harry B. Weiss.

Dune Boy, The Early Years of a Naturalist. By Edwin Way Teale. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, 1943. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ inches, x + 255 p. \$3.00.

This latest book by Mr. Teale, whose previous, notable books on natural history won for him the John Burroughs Medal, is about three persons, the author as a boy, and his grandfather and grandmother Way. The setting is his grandparents' farm, Lone Oak, in Indiana close to the shore of Lake Michigan. Here he spent his summers and vacation days, from four to fifteen years of age, with the guidance and companionship of two understanding people, who unknowingly helped to shape his destiny. Here, over the years, he became saturated with Indiana sunshine, with the odors of the orchards and fields and with all the fascinating things about a farm and the surrounding countryside that appeal to a boy, with an exploring mind, and freed of restraint. Here, he played Indian, cured mouse pelts, raised pigs, hunted snakes, became an aviator and built a glider, whose flight ended in disaster. Here he established the Way-Teale Museum of natural history in the wagonshed with its collections of animals' skulls, arrowheads, bark, wood, acorns, birds' nests, wasp nests, roots, stones, and other objects. Here he worked on the farm, drove to market, read to his heart's content, acquired a camera, then a second hand typewriter, and became an author, all before the age of sixteen and all with boyish failures and successes. During these exciting and adventuresome years the boy absorbed the folklore of the dune country and acquired unknowingly, lasting impressions of insects, birds and animals in their natural state,

and in their relation to each other. At the same time he was exposed to the kindly philosophy and humor of his grandparents who actually aided and encouraged him in his wild undertakings.

These three people lived very close to each other and their everyday life together, as eloquently told by Mr. Teale, becomes a fascinating account of the enjoyment and completeness that can be extracted from living naturally, in almost any surroundings, in an atmosphere of intelligence, understanding, sympathy and encouragement. The illustrations blend perfectly with the skill of the author.—Harry B. Weiss.